

*The*  
**NORMAL  
POINTER**



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# THE NORMAL POINTER

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## AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

Without, the night was damp and dreary, and the wind howled thru the trees and around the corners of the old house. Within, all was bright and comfortable. A cheerful fire burned in the fire-place, and a tall parlor lamp shed its radiance throughout the room. In the midst of this brightness, surrounded by every sign of luxury and wealth, sat a tall, slender girl of fifteen years, Grace Rodd. She was reading aloud to her sister Alice, a year or two younger than herself, who idly reclined on a sofa near by.

These two girls had been orphans since childhood and had never known the real comforts of a home until a few months before, when they came to live with a wealthy aunt and uncle who supplied them with anything and everything they desired. They lived in an old castle in southern England which had withstood many a severe siege during feudal times. This castle had been in the possession of the Rodds for many generations, and contained many relics, curios, and paintings of former days. The present occupants did not use nearly all of the many rooms in the old castle; in fact many of them they had not even entered.

As Grace read on, both girls became deeply interested in their story. Suddenly Alice exclaimed in low excited tones:

"Hark! Did you hear that? What was it?"

"Oh, pshaw, Alice! I heard nothing.. You're just a little nervous to-night. That's all." And she went on with her story, which grew more interesting every moment.

Some little time passed while Grace read on in clear mellow tones. Alice, however, could not quiet her nerves so easily. Several times she thought she heard a noise, and so strained every nerve to hear where it came from; but each time

she settled back into her former position, deciding that she had made a mistake. Suddenly a loud crash, as if some heavy body had fallen, reached her ears. Alice sprang from the sofa crying:

"What's that, Grace? Surely you heard it that time! Oh, I do wish the folks would come home!"

Grace, usually so fearless, now began to be a trifle alarmed, tho she tried hard to still her fears on her sister's account. So she replied:

"Yes, I heard it. But maybe it's only something the cat has upset. Let's go and see."

She arose, and Alice, still trembling with fear, followed her rather timidly. But on going thru their living room, they found nothing that could possibly have caused such an unusual noise. So going back to their room, they resumed their seats and Grace went on with the story.

Alice soon became tired, and no longer kept her attention on the story, but allowed her thoughts and her eyes to wander. For a time she amused herself in studying the design in the wall paper, going over and over again the same design. Finally she began tracing them across the room; then counting the number it took to go across; in fact varying her method each time, but always going over the same surface. All at once her eyes were arrested on a tiny spot in the center of one of the designs, which at first she had not noticed, but which now seemed so prominent that she wondered she had not seen it long before. Forgetting about the story Grace was reading, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Grace, see that funny little spot way up there in the design nearest the top of grandpa's picture. How do you suppose it got there? I wonder what it is!"

She arose from the sofa, climbed upon a chair, and ran her hand over the design until she struck the spot.

"It looks almost like a button," she said, and as she spoke she again placed her finger upon it and unconsciously pressed it. To her amazement, the button yielded and a long crack appeared which extended to the floor. At first she was frightened, and involuntarily uttered an exclamation of alarm which now fully aroused Grace who had been so interested in the story she had been reading that she paid no attention to Alice's movements. Now, however, she threw aside her book and cried in astonishment:

"Why, what have you done, Alice?"

"I scarcely know myself, Grace. But as I touched that funny little spot on the wall an opening occurred. What is it? What can it be, do you suppose?"

Grace was not as excitable as Alice; but she was far more curious. Going to the wall she peered through the opening, anxious to find out what was behind it all. As she did so, she accidentally placed one foot on the floor so that it projected a little way into the opening. With a harsh grating sound, the panel began to move and soon revealed a long dark passage-way beyond. Both girls were too frightened to move or even to scream. They could scarcely believe their eyes. Alice clutched her sister by the arm and whispered hoarsely, "Oh, what is it, Grace?" And at that instant a noise as of footsteps was heard down the passage.

Grace was now thoroughly frightened, and Alice was almost beside herself with terror. Seizing a light, Grace stepped into the dark passage and peered cautiously up and down the whole length. Venturing a little farther into the passage, her courage began to return again and she decided to go on to see what she would find. However, a strong draft blew out her light and left her in total darkness. This caused her to change her mind; and so she groped her way back to the sitting-room where she decided to stay until her aunt and uncle returned.

She was trying her best to soothe Alice who was still very much agitated, when, without a moment's warning, a tall dark figure stepped before her. She screamed in terror, and would have fled, but he spoke to them both in such calm

gentle tones that they remained where they were.

"Girls, do not be frightened," he said. "I did not mean to alarm you thus. I am no robber or kidnapper. I mean you no harm. Come, sit down and listen while I tell you my story."

Grace was seated at once; but Alice still distrusted him and could not be induced to do more than rest on the arm of her sister's chair. The stranger, too, sat down in a large arm chair and proceeded to tell his story.

"You see by my clothing that I am a soldier. I was sent out by my commander to gain what information I could of the enemy's movements. While in the enemy's lines, one of the lieutenants discovered me. Later, on surmising that I was a spy, he sent out men in pursuit of me. It is needless for me to tell you of the many narrow escapes I have had, and how several times I had given up all hope of ever returning alive to my commander.

"A few days ago, a squad of the enemy's troopers, in hot pursuit of me, followed me to this neighborhood. In childhood days, I had visited here many times, and so knew every nook and corner of this old house. When my capture seemed almost certain, I suddenly bethought myself of the secret passage-way and the old guard-room in this house, where my grand-father used to keep his guns, swords and relics of former war days. I decided to hide there until my pursuers were gone, and then to return with the information I had gained to my commander.

"So stealing in one afternoon, when every one was busy in some other part of the house, I went to the secret panel and let myself into the passage. Once inside, I slid the door back, thinking to leave a crack so small that it would not be noticeable on the other side, and yet large enough so that I could open the door and make my escape. But I pushed it a trifle too far. The door slid shut with a sharp-click which told me that I was locked in the secret passage!

"I was filled with consternation. What was I to do? Stay here and starve to death? Make a noise and run the risk of being captured and ultimately shot to death? Which was preferable? For a time I was nearly crazed with the thoughts that crowded my brain. I walked up and down

the passage retracing my steps many times. Finally I went on to the old guard-room, threw myself wearily down upon the old hair-cloth settee and gazed about me.

"How familiar it all seemed to me! How often I had been there in my boyhood days! How well I remembered the pleasant hours I had spent there perched on my grandfather's knee, while he entertained me with stories of his army life! All these thoughts flooded my brain. Then my mind reverted to the problem that confronted me. What should I do. I arose and examined closely every portion of the room to see if in any way I could make my escape. The guard-room was in a tower on the highest part of the old castle. No landings or projections of any kind were on the outside of the tower by means of which one could descend to the ground. To jump meant certain death. I had no means whereby I might let myself down. Besides, iron gratings covered the windows; so escape in that direction was out of the question.

"I spent three days and nights without food or water, in that room, only varying the monotony of my existence by a turn now and then along the passage-way. This evening, hearing you girls talking and reading aloud, I was driven to desperation. I determined to end all my misery by revealing my presence here, let happen what would. So I went back to the guard-room, got one of the huge chairs and dragged it into the passage-way, thinking thus to attract your attention. Nothing came of it, however. But undaunted, I seized the chair and threw it down heavily. That was the noise which Alice heard and which frightened her so much.

This brought me to my senses. I realized that you two girls were alone, and of course, would be very much alarmed at such an unusual noise. So I decided to bear my forced confinement a little longer, probably until your folks returned. But when Alice accidentally found the secret spring which opened the door, I could wait no longer; and so I am here."

Grace and Alice had both recovered from their fright, and were profuse in their words of sympathy at his enforced imprisonment. They hastened to prepare him a hearty meal. When his hunger

had been appeased, the three returned to the sitting room, where seated comfortably about the grate fire, they chatted cheerfully until the aunt and uncle returned. Much excited, the girls told the man's story to their relatives.

"But how did you know of the secret passage-way, my friend?" asked the uncle. "I thought no one but my wife and I knew of its existence."

"I used to visit here often in my boyhood days. The old guard-room was my grand-father's favorite retreat, and, he and I being great friends, I often spent hours at a time with him there."

"But who was your grand-father?"

"Col. George C. Rodd, who for many years occupied this old castle.

"Col. George C. Rodd! Why, he was my own father! Who can you be? What was your father's name?"

"Eli Rodd. He died many years ago as the result of an injury received while out hunting. His wife, my mother, died several years later,"

"Eli Rodd! Eli Rodd! Why he was my oldest brother who ran away from home when a lad of fifteen. These girls here are his daughters whom my wife and I found in an orphanage a short time ago. They must be your sisters."

A happy re-union took place in the old castle that night. For a time all forgot how it happened that the girls' brother was with them; but when the first excitement over their strange discovery was over, they began to realize what danger he was in. Later, thru the uncle's help, he was enabled to reach his company in safety. At the close of the war, he returned to the old castle and made his home there with his relatives.

C. M. M.

#### A LONESOME BOY.

Why is it ——— now looks so lonely,  
Looks so gloomy and disheartened,  
Looks so sad and melancholy,  
While the rest of us are cheerful?

——— is pining for his ———

Pining for his little ———

She has gone from out our Normal,

Gone away forever from us

To the sunny place of ———



There to live in peace forever,  
There to wait her —— coming.

—— is busy, very busy,

Every evening just at sunset,

For he must a message write her,

So to send it in the morning,

So not keep his —— waiting

For the missive she's expecting.

Oh, our mail man how he hurries

Over to 621 ——;

For he knows that some one's waiting

Patiently waiting for his coming,

And he cries out when he sees him,

"——, ——, yes, one from ——."

And, of course, —— late for breakfast,

For he first must read that missive.

Now Poor —— oh how he studies,

Just to drive away his sorrow;

And no one can dare compare him

To another Normal student,

For he now out-wits the many,

For he spends his time in study,

Never wastes a single moment,

Since his little —— left him,

And at noon he looks so lonely,

For, alas, the seat is vacant

Where the club of two did gather

There to spend a pleasant hour.

Cheer up, ——, we hope you'll meet her

When you've finished with the Normal,

Meet her at her home in ——,

And be happy there forever.

—JUNIOR.

## EXCHANGES

A very fine picture of the Foot-ball team appeared in THE BLACK AND RED, an exchange from Watertown. It appears that there are a good many Germans in the North-Western University, as their paper abounds in German stories.

THE EXPONENT has a very neat cover design; but more pictures and headings on the inside would add greatly to the worth of the paper.

THE YAHARA has asked for criticisms when needed, but we see none to make at present, and the paper appears to be a very promising one.

THE LAKE BREEZE has a January Calendar in its paper with a neat picture and the important dates scheduled below. It is very appropriate.

THE ROYAL PURPLE has some very good stories in its December number, and also several poems that do justice to the paper. It has a column devoted to Music which is very interesting and shows them to be lovers of music. Other schools would do well to follow their example.

We are pleased to welcome among our exchanges the following from whom we would be glad to receive advice and suggestions: High School News, Oracle, Lake Breeze, Index, Yahara, Black and Red, Aegis, Kodak, Eau Claire Kodak, Everett, Wash., Exponent, Spectrum, Milton College, Review, Crimson and White, Student, Advance, Normal Oracle, and The Royal Purple.

It seems in reading the different Exchanges, that the jokes which appear under the Exchange Column are not so agreeable as when found elsewhere, but the Holiday number of The Exponent was made up entirely of jokes, as was also the Exchange Column of The Royal Purple.

### Exchange Jokes.

The Sophomores saw a patch of green,  
They thought it was the Freshman class,  
But when they closer to it drew.  
They found it was a looking glass. —Ex.

Waiter — "Will you have some pie, sah?"

Guest — "Is it compulsory?"

Waiter — "No sah, it am raspberry." —Ex.

Customer in Restaurant — "Waiter, my cocoa is cold."

Waiter — "Well, sir, why don't you put on your hat?" —Ex.

# Training Department

## WINTER.

The flowers are under the snow,  
Waiting to grow.  
The birds have all gone away,  
But will come back some Spring day.

The north wind is cold,  
Jack Frost is bold;  
He bites our nose,  
And freezes our toes.

But Winter is best of all the year.  
For when that's here,  
We skate and slide and run,  
And have just lots of fun.

EVELYN BOWEN,  
4th Grade of Third Ward School.  
Under the supervision of MISS COMSTOCK.

## LITTLE JACK FROST.

The Frost looked from his cave, one still, cold  
night,  
And said, "Now I shall take my flight."  
So he flew and flew to the houses that night.  
And over each pane he softly crept;  
Wherever he daubed his brush, or stepped,  
Were seen beautiful things.  
There were flowers and trees and birds and bees.  
But when the sun came up, singing, "Tra-la,"  
When he saw the pictures, he laughed, "Ha ha,"  
The pictures were set with diamonds so gay,  
So he laughed and laughed till they melted away.

GEORGE MOXON,  
4th Grade of Third Ward,  
Under the supervision of MISS COMSTOCK.

## BOSTON.

Boston is in the State of Massachusetts in the eastern part of the United States on Massachusetts Bay. The Latitude of Boston is forty-two degrees north, and Longitude seventy-one degrees West. Boston has a good harbor; because the water is not shallow.

The climate of Boston is temperate when the winds come from the South; but the temperature is much cooler when the wind comes from the North. The reason for this is that it was cooled by the Labrador current.

The city is laid out in sections; as East Boston, South Boston, Roxbury, West Roxbury, Charlestown, Brighton, and Dorchester. The business streets of Boston are not so long, broad and handsome as those of New York and Washington; but when you get outside the main city the streets are broader, and some are very handsome.

When you go to Boston you will find that the Public Garden is full of flowers. Near this garden is a park called "The Commons." In this park is a frog pond. It is so called because the boys used to catch frogs there. There are also some famous monuments. One of these is the famous Bunker Hill monument.

In Boston we find also the State House, the capitol of Massachusetts. On this is a dome from which you can see all over Boston. You can see the old North Church, which reminds us of Paul Revere's ride, and Faneuil Hall, called the "Cradle of Liberty," because in this hall our forefathers had their plans made to free themselves from the English.

Boston is also called "The Hub," because a hub is a center of a wheel, and Boston is the center of learning in our country.

PETER KULA,  
6th A Geography.

Some of the pupils of the Intermediate and Grammar Grades gave a very pleasing play Thursday evening, before vacation, THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, was the play. Those who took part were:

Carol Bird...	Ruth Ross
Mrs. Bird.....	Helen Stemen
Mr. Bird.....	Crystal Bigelow
Uncle Jack.....	Merle Newby
The Housemaid..	Evelyn Oster
Mrs. Ruggles.....	Evelyn Oster
Sarah Maud.....	Helen Stemen
Peter.....	Helen McGlachlin
Susan.....	Grace Stratton
Cornelius.....	Marjorie Boston
Kitty.....	Leona Viertel
Peoria.....	Florence Hill
Clement.....	Lorraine Oster
Elly.....	Marian Sanford
Baby Larry.....	Fred. Oster

—HELEN STEMEN.

# The Normal Pointer

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## EDITORIAL.

**T**HE time is fast approaching when we will have to decide just what we are to say to our fellow students in our so-called "Final Essays." We have only listened to one or two so far this school year; but during the coming Semester we will hear between Seventy and Eighty of these productions. It may be needless to say that it will be necessary to have something original to say; and more important still, a very original way of saying it, if we wish the students to give us their closest attention when we present these final Essays or Orations. Let us then resolve that we will each have something which we have thot out for ourselves, something of our own to say to our fellow students, and then let us say it in a way which cannot fail to show our listeners that what we are telling them is not something we read in a dry Scientific or Pedagogical Magazine, but is really something we have found out for ourselves, something which interests us and which we know will interest them. Do this and we shall have little bother because of restless inattention on the part of the student body

**A**NOTHER matter which comes to hand at this time is "What are you going to do to help along the "Annual Iris" this year?" The main part of the work will fall on the Senior Class; but each class has always contributed in the past, and we hope this year will prove no exception along this line. This Annual, if good, does a great deal towards advertising the school; so we hope to have a creditable issue. We cannot hope to equal THE IRIS of last year, but let us get busy and have something doing.

**L**ET'S show the Basket Ball boys that we appreciate their efforts, and give them the backing both financially and in spirit which I know they will appreciate.

**T**HE Editors of THE POINTER wish to thank the students for their help in contributing many articles for the past and present issues of this paper. The Juniors have been especially active along this line, and we are correspondingly grateful to them.

## LOCALS and PERSONALS

The Junior Class of 1907 has established a precedent for all future Junior Classes by publishing an attractive Calendar. This year's issue consists of six pages containing five Normal views and one typical Wisconsin River scene near Stevens Point. It is neatly bound in gray covers tied with red silk cord. Five hundred copies were sold to the students. The Seniors see visions of at least one good time in the future.

The student body were very pleasantly entertained, on December 20, with several violin solos given by Miss Marion Vosburgh a former student. Miss Vosburgh has lost none of her popularity among the students as a real artist. The Normal Quartette also favored us with two very highly appreciated selections.

School closed Friday, December 21, at 12:30, for the holidays. Those students living a long distance from here were permitted to leave Thursday evening or Friday morning. The students appreciate this kindness on the part of President Sims.

School opened January 7, 1907, at one o'clock P. M. Only eighty-two seats were vacant.

January 8. Every seat occupied, and President Sims smiles once more.

Every body takes the middle of the street now, except the smart alecks, and they occasionally hit the sidewalk to the amusement of all spectators.

We are glad to welcome Miss Coggleshall on her return to school after several weeks of illness. During her absence the Grammar Department was in charge of Miss Fitzgerald assisted by various practice teachers.

Miss Norma Stuart withdrew from school before the holidays, to accompany her parents to Stoughton where she with her parents will make her future home.

Wednesday morning, President Sims announced the Athletic Committee of the faculty for the coming year. It consists of Professor Spindler as chairman, Professor Talbert, and Miss Jackman. Professor Bacon, at the same time, was appointed faculty ticket agent. He will have charge of the sale of all tickets for student entertainments during the year.

The following officers of the Oratorical Association were elected for the next semester:

President—T. M. Risk.

Vice President—G. A. Carleton.

Secretary—H. Ninman.

Treasurer—Miss Emma Linse.

A committee of five was appointed to take charge of the business arrangements of the home contest.

The speaker who will represent our school at the Inter-Normal Oratorical Contest to be held at Whitewater in March, will be chosen February 1. There are five contestants: Lottie Bennett, Clara Moeschler, Harold Martin, George Everson and Reese Jones. A special effort is being made to make this contest one of THE events of the year.

Miss Ellen Hoffman has secured a position as teacher in one of the Ward Schools in Eau Claire, and will take up her new work at the end of this quarter. Miss Eda Kløver will teach in the Public Schools of her home town, La Crosse, for the remainder of the year. We congratulate both young ladies upon their success in securing such desirable positions.



Mr. Duncan, of Eau Claire, has been visiting for a few days at 902 Main Street.

Miss Maude Nicol, who was absent from school for a week, returned Monday.

County Superintendent Karnopp visited school January 14.

President Sims accompanied the Basket Ball team to Marshfield on Friday January 11. He reports a very pleasant visit with the graduates of this school who are teaching in that city.

It has rained and snowed; and it is now safe to indulge in the novelty of walking on the sidewalk.

### "OHYESA."

Friday evening, January 11, 1907, the Ohyesa opened the season in society meetings by entertaining the Forum and Athenaeum.

Miss Cauley favored the societies with two selections on the violin.

The main feature of the program was a series of debates by the girls.

The first question which came up for discussion was, "Who is the smartest boy in school?" the two under discussion being Paul Collins and Harold Martin. Miss Phi lips and Miss Talbert were the able supporters of these two worthy students; but Miss Talbert won, and it was decided that Paul is the smartest boy in school.

"Who is the best dancer, Duncan Reid or Lawrence Hill?" was debated by Miss Leonard and Miss Nelson, and the decision given in favor of Mr. Reid.

Miss Hanson and Miss Veers then had a debate as to whether Howard Bruce was handsomer than Oliver Weinandy. After much delay on the part of the judges, they finally decided in favor of Howard Bruce; and Howard received the prize, "A looking-glass."

Mr. Carleton and Mr. Steiner were the two candidates for the prize to be awarded to the best singer. The judges did not hesitate, in the least, in awarding it to Mr. Carleton when they heard the question discussed by Miss DeFoe and Miss Lange.

The last, but not least, of the questions discussed was, "Who is the sweetest on the girls?" and the two gentlemen, Mr. Brooks and Mr.

Ninman, were supported by Misses Anderson and Ellingson. Miss Ellingson won the debate; and the prize was awarded to Mr. Ninman.

Mr. Geimer and Mr. Steiner favored us with two duets which were certainly enjoyed by all, especially when Mr. Geimer reached the high notes in their selections.

At nine o'clock the crowd adjourned to the dining room where refreshments were served by the Ohyesa girls.

—JUNIOR.

The boys wish to thank the Ohyesa Girls for a genuine good time.

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### LECTURE COURSE.

Since the last edition of THE POINTER, we have been so fortunate as to have two numbers of our Lecture Course. The first was that of Leland Power's portrayal of Cyrano de Bergerac; and the second was the Lecture-Recital by Edward Baxter Perry, both of which met with an enthusiastic approval. Leland Powers is an artist of rare ability who has had years of experience as a public reader. What impressed us most was his ability to so vividly impersonate his characters and to pass rapidly from one characterization to another. The changes in expression and voice and the assuming of a new attitude were brot about so quickly that the play moved on without a break. Without the use of scenery and cast, but by his own power and magnetism he was able to appeal to our imagination. This is the essence of art in public reading.

The recital by Edward Baxter Perry was a rare treat. He is an acknowledged artist among musicians, not only in America, but in Europe as well. It is not often that we are afforded the pleasure and privilege of listening to such a noted personage. He is not only an excellent interpreter of music, but he is one of our best composers. His interpretation of the spinning song by Wagner-Liszt, and his rendition of Die Lorelei of his own composition, certainly cannot be excelled. The more we hear of this highly classical music the more we appreciate it; and it is our sincere desire to have another opportunity of hearing Edward Baxter Perry.



### THE MARSHFIELD GAME.

The Normal team made a good New Year's resolution by eating Marshfield High School up to the tune of 13 to 25. As usual "Sambo" was there with the goods, and secured 12 points. In center Roberts went up in the air a mile swatting the ball where ever he pleased. "Reddy" Hill and "Jack" Moffitt literally tore things up when it came to guarding. Boston failed to play during the second half, because he was seen talking to the Marshfield girls during the rest, which is against basket ball etiquette. "Sliver" McDill took his place during the second half and "horn-swaggled" one basket. On the side lines "Gus" Bennett and "Gim" Wilson were chief rooters. Gus's voice proved to be a great inspiration to the Normal boys; while it completely rattled the Marshfield lads.

After the game the team was very pleasantly entertained out at the High School until train time. The team was accompanied by Miss Jackman, and Manager Everson who acted as official. President Sims also stopped off to attend the game while on his way to Pittsville.

### HOW THE "OLD BOY" ON THE SIDE LINES SAW THE GAME.

BY "GOOIE."

It was great, when Doc. Everson, popularly

known as "Stiffy," blew the whistle for the opening of the Stevens Point - Grand Rapids game. Forth from their quarters came the long, ganderly S. P. N. chaps in their new sleeveless jerseys, a sight that caused a deafening cheer from the audience.

Hurrah! (I don't care if I do say it). We got beat; but not without glory. "Slivers" McDill and "Dog" Boston played their star game so far this season. "Slivers" had the misfortune of getting his finger caught on the netting of the basket while attempting to make one of his phenomenal, buzzard baskets; but the step ladder was gotten, and Conover was again as fleet as ever. "Dog" Boston did his usual good work at baskets, and made quite a hit with the ladies.

Tall and stately Gay forgot his school troubles and duties and got into the game with foot, nail, tooth and hand, landing six men and one basket.

Jack, Gook, and "Sam" Hill our notorious guards played a good scrappy game, using the "sledge hammer" grip and the "dew drop" punch whenever opportunities afforded.

"Gimlet" Wilson and Professor Spindler, Mrs. DeFoe and daughter Blanche, Jessie Burk, Fern Love, Georgie Ridgman, and Ruth Emmons, accompanied the team.

# Witty, Wise and Otherwise

Professor Spindler's latest example of fallacies in Syllogisms :

Pages are made of paper.

John Moffit is a page.

∴ John Moffit is made of paper.

We asked John about it, and he said, "I'll have you know I'm not made of paper. I'm made of good stuff;—genuine working material."

Osterbrink (excitedly in Chemistry, Tuesday morning) — "Oh Gee, I'm so glad my girl got back."

Bright Pupil (in Intermediate Department) — "Mr. Ge-m-r, what are Horse Latitudes?"

Mr. Ge-m-r — "A place where they raise horses."

Mr. Jones reciting Economics — We made a Reciprocity Treaty with the Sandwich Islands in 1894; and one with the Hawaiian Islands in 1895.

Mr. Olson (in Commercial Geography) — "What is a glacier?"

Bright (?) Student — "I don't know exactly; but it is some kind of a large rock."

First Normal Girl, while making a call — "Why have you so many photos of young men?"

Second Normal Girl, sippantly — "Oh, those are just my souvenir spoons."

Sounds of some one running the scale, issuing from the music room; chorus of excited children in kindergarden — "There goes the fire whistle."

Critic Teacher (soberly) — "Oh! that's only some one singing."

### Books We Have Read.

Prisoners of Hope—Freshmen before exams.

House of Mirth—The Black Bunch.

They Met by Chance — Brown and S. R-g-ra.

The Little Minister—J. M-r-e.

Vanity Fair—O. W-nd-y.

Looking Backward—R. J-n-a.

From Jest to Earnest — Guy R-b-rts.

The (Dear)slayer—L. Br-ks.

To Have and to Hold—H. St-n-r. Goo!

Gone with a Handsomer Man — A. B-ne.

Les Miserables—The Sophs. after exams.

Innocence Abroad—Ella M-l-n-y.

Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come—G. Holm-s.

Half-back—J. M-f-t.

Peck's Bad Boy—C. Mort-e-l.

Mr. Spindler (calling roll in Theory Class December 21) — "I suppose all these girls are absent because they have gone home to hang up the mistletoe. First come, first served. But I wonder why Carlton is gone."

J. M-f-t — "Can you tell me what a journal clerk is? I intend to take the civil service exam. for journal clerk."

### Did It Ever Occur to You :

That Hal. M-r-in has ceased to look dpleful.

That a joke can be carried too far.

That S. H-ll is getting thin.

That K. O'B-en understands the game.

That D. R-d has a new necktie.

That R-k isn't really cross.

That N-n-an's a pretty nice fellow after all.

That Sp-d-er likes to jolly.

That Miss H-z hates to be called Sis.

That D. McN-t likes to bluff.

That C-rit-n is very modest.

That THE POINTER is never on time.

### Line up :

#### Grand Rapids Game.

	Field Goals	Free Throws		Field Goals	Free Throws
McDill, 2	1		L. F. Voyer, 5	2	11
Boston, 3	2	3	R. F. Wood, 3		
Roberts 3	1	9	C. Arpin, 4	2	
Bennett 3			L. G. Crowns 3	2	
Moffitt. .4	4		R. G. Heise. .2	1	
Hill. . . . 2			R. G.		